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PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914

The Knife in the Bowels of Reform

THOMAS S. T. MACKLEER voted in Select Council to override the Mayor's veto of the Municipal Court grab. Mr. Mackleer is employed by the Municipal Court at a salary of \$250 the month. Of course, he was quite competent to take a judicial view of the question. It is even possible that he could have been influenced by argument or fact to vote against the source of his salary. But he was not so influenced; not a bit of it. On the contrary, he stood "with the boys," first, last and all the time.

Mr. Mackleer is but one of many whose jobs depend on their votes. It is never safe for the people to confide their interests to men whose own interests are paramount. If any citizen wants to know why the reform administration is hampered at every turn by Council, he has only to discover the means of livelihood of certain "representatives of the people." They owe their sinecures to the contractor bosses, to the Organization, and the Organization is their first and only love. When the public asks who and what they are, they sweetly coo, "We are Republicans." And the remarkable thing is that so many people believe them.

'Twill Be Dry in Ole Virginia

VIRGINIA has gone dry by a decisive majority. The fight there has been going on for years, the real battle having been to persuade the Legislature to submit the question to a general vote. When that much was won the rest was easy for the Prohibitionists. It would be idle to deny that in the rural districts of the South prohibition has achieved some splendid results, and it would be just as futile to question its failure in the cities. "Blind pigs," "blind tigers," "speak-easies" have flourished. Violation of the law in most of the larger towns is open and notorious. Making vice a crime by statute can never be a great success. Local option is the real remedy for the liquor problem, for it restricts prohibition to localities where enforcement of the law is practically automatic.

Militarism No Worse Than Navalism

THE German people are quite right in resenting a great deal of the unreasonable criticism of the Fatherland. It would be a pity if fair-minded men could have no love for a nation which in the last half century has amazed the world by its material accomplishments. That England and her Allies have been jealous of German achievement is too obviously to require comment. It would be entirely illogical, therefore, for American citizens to grow bitter over German militarism and not consider England's navalism. German preparation on land has not been one whit more destructive of the peace of the world than England's preparedness on the oceans. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. The Kaiser's long reign of peace is at least presumptive evidence of his sincere aversion to war. The Fatherland is entitled to a fair show, and there is every indication that it will get it.

Vital History Should Be Taught

CURRENT events should be studied in the schools in order to make past history more real to the pupils, and in order also to promote among them such a civic intelligence as good citizenship requires. Current events are history, and history is nothing except as it considers civic and economic. In those phases and aspects of the war which belong to American economic history, the schools have a great educational opportunity which should not be neglected. To enlighten the young people in the questions that have to do with American dependence and independence in commerce and industry is to teach them the economic resources and possibilities of their country; and to show them where these questions are affected by the European war is not to violate neutrality, but merely to give due recognition to the flow of events in the history of their own country.

Courage is the Conquest of Fear

WE DO not conquer the world by shedding the blood of others. Victories are won by the loss of our own blood. Such is the vicious law of progress. To do right when there is every inducement to do wrong is heroic. To have the courage of standing alone is the attribute of a strong man. Courage and fear are related as innocence is to virtue. One makes possible the other. There can be no real courage without fear. Courage is the conquest of fear; virtue is innocence under temptation. The battlefield of every life is the soul. Browning writes: "When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something." Life is not a promenade through streets of cheering crowds, but a hard march over rough roads. Running away from the battleground of one's own soul may be set down as a great sin.

Re-enter Mexican Revolution

THE long expected has happened. The intolerable tension is over. This morning H. G. Wells' words on the European explosion apply as fitly to Mexico. Villa's break with his "First Chief" is now official. He has dropped the mask. Mexico is not to be without its habitual revolution. Men familiar with the situation in Mexico have long expected just this move. All Villa's protestations of loyalty could not alter the fact that Carranza was not the man the Northern General and his people wanted to see in the

National Palace. Jealousies and ambitions aside, there have been signs of profound differences between the great natural divisions of Northern and Southern Mexico that spell conflict. Villa's revolt may be an attempt to put himself or his man in the chair at Mexico City and his ideas into operation. Or it may mean the setting up of an independent Northern republic. At any rate, it means more months of turmoil and destruction. Whether this will be worth the price depends on Villa's sincerity in his stand for a non-military government and the redistribution of the land. Meanwhile, Vera Cruz becomes once more a knotty problem.

No Stultification for a Mess of Pottage

AT WATSONTOWN yesterday "Doctor Brumbaugh assured his audience that even the competent business administration fell short unless sustained by high moral purpose." Moral principles come first. It does not profit a man or a State anything if the whole world is gained and the soul is lost. It is only at this late date in social history that the contrary doctrine is being preached. It is only now that a mess of pottage is being dangled before the eyes of the people of Pennsylvania in the expectation that it will tempt them into stultification of their collective conscience. Doctor Brumbaugh understands the aspirations of this people and the deep purpose underlying their efforts. It is only Penroseism which imagines that morality is not an issue.

Stand Up for Pennsylvania

STAND UP for Pennsylvania," says Doctor Brumbaugh, who has always stood up for her himself and to whom the public is looking with full confidence for further services of the same kind. Stand up for Pennsylvania! Aye, take away from her the approach which designing men have fastened on her. Sweep out the anti-moralists, who by a conspiracy of plunder, have managed to get control of the offices. Cleanse the atmosphere, which is pure in all else but politics. A great State, magnificent in its resources, more magnificent in its accomplishments; a veritable nation among nations, generous in the complexity of its endeavor, the industrial pride of the hemisphere; a State founded by a man with a vision, a moral vision; a Commonwealth which owes its greatness to the stern principles of right which animated and inspired its early and subsequent struggles.

Only one blot is on her banner, only one stain attaches to her name. Penroseism, its successor of Quayism, is the State's sole humiliation. Discipline it, excise it, drive it out! Stand up for Pennsylvania!

Dr. Bacon Overrules the Mayor

AN EXAMINER'S report, confirmed by Judge Audenried, declares that Dr. William D. Bacon was never elected to Select Council from the 44th Ward. The examiner found that Dr. Philip H. Moore, fusion candidate, received a majority of the votes cast. By the use of dilatory writs in the courts, Doctor Bacon continues to hold the office which does not belong to him. It will probably be January before his appeal can be disposed of by the Supreme Court. Doctor Bacon is also a dual officeholder. He is a real estate assessor, a position which puts \$3000 a year into his pocket. The Mayor's veto of the Municipal Court grab was defeated by one vote. Doctor Bacon cast it.

"He Watched and Wept"

MANY a country parson has run his godly race remote from towns without ever wishing to change his place. His contentment with his lot and his devotion to the people of his parish are almost incomprehensible to men more ambitious for position and power. There was such a man, perhaps, who came into your life. There was such a man, perhaps, who molded the community where you once lived nearer to Christian ideals. A man he was to all the country dear and in his duty prompt at every call. He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.

He was the burden-bearer and burden-sharer of his people. He was a soldier of the Cross, risking his health and exhausting his strength in ceaseless toil and self-forgetting performance of duty. He came to his white hairs and bent figure prematurely, and there were those who spoke of him then as a "broken-down minister" of no further use. But the angels had kept the scroll, and the record of his deeds and character had been written in human hearts forever. From the modest little parsonage in the village, with ill-lit in the door yard, he was called, not to a larger salary or a city pulpit, but to the golden city and a mansion prepared of old for his coming.

The hardships of peace proved too much for General Villa.

The submarines have a way of getting under things.

Don't despise consolations however small—the scrapper season is almost ready to open.

Hats manufactured in Philadelphia are known all over the world and they cover a multitude of sinners.

Senator Penrose never has anything to say about morality, but Dr. Brumbaugh is full of it.

As a matter of fact, the Delaware could get along without the Government, but the Government could not get along without the Delaware.

Each side complains that the other is guilty of inhuman cruelty in the conduct of the war. German character is not an unknown quantity and a nation does not change its qualities overnight. War is war. Perhaps the Allies do complain too much.

There has been too much excitement for the people to pay much attention to the anti-trust bills, but the conference Clayton measure seems to be about as sensible as could reasonably be expected in the circumstances.

It is an era of indiscreet diplomats. Our own service seems to have no claims for superiority. In fact, the rivalry among envoys to say wrong things at the psychological moment indicates that we must exert ourselves if we expect to hold the championship.

The success of the buy-a-hale-of-cotton movement in the South has been remarkable. If the people instead of the Government step to the front in an industrial crisis of this kind, not only are the results accomplished better, but the underlying principles of our constitutional system are preserved.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

THEIR arrival in Philadelphia this week a copy of the "Courier of Political Exiles," the official paper of those sent to Siberia by the Czar. It is printed in Russian, but for obvious reasons is published in the capital city of Russia's ally, France. The Courier contains the first authentic account of the death of Dzheparidze, one of the 160 Social Democratic members of the second Duma, who were exiled to Siberia for affixing their signatures to the famous Viborg manifesto—a Russian declaration of independence. Laying aside entirely the pathetic human side of the story, the account of the last hours of the Russian sounds strangely out of harmony with the honeyed words of the Czar, addressed to his "Dear Jews" and "My Loyal Poles." In part, the Courier says: "At 8 o'clock in the evening the train approached a small station, Yamskaya, where we were to change trains. 'All out,' shouted the head of the convoy, opening the doors. Dzheparidze rose together with the others, but immediately fell to the ground, crying, 'I cannot, I am ill.' Tsereteli and Macharadze picked him up and placed him on a dirty rug nearby. "How dare you sit down, you dog?" shouted a gendarme, whereupon his comrades picked him up and carried him out of the car to the station platform. We had to wait fully an hour for the arrival of the train for Kursk. Surrounded by a host of gendarmes, beneath the open sky, in the horrible cold and but the scant prison clothes on our backs, we waited in the snow, shivering, hungry and trembling for our lives lest one of the gendarmes take a fancy to shoot us. Dzheparidze alone was permitted to sit down on the ground. Beside him stood his wife with her 2-year-old child in her arms. After our arrival at the Kursk depot we were dispatched to the prison. "All of us, 45 men in all, were locked up in a cell 12 feet by 8. All along the floor lay the victims of Russian barbarism. Not only was it impossible to pass from one end of the cell to the other, but it was impossible for one to stretch out on the floor. In a half hour the air in the room became intolerable. One of us took a chance and attempted to open a little window, but the soldier on duty ordered him back to the floor. In an hour Dzheparidze began to snore heavily. We pounced at the doors and demanded that some of us be transferred to another cell. At midnight the warden of the prison, Kalmikov, entered and ordered that members of the Imperial Duma be given room in another cell nearby. That night Dzheparidze died without having received any medical attention."

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Comparisons The little taxpayer appeared worried. He owned one cent and was nervous and uneasy. "If I were as easily affected by debt as he," said the ruler of the land and sea, "I'd have St. Vitus' dance." Which explains to some extent the difference between the individual and the State.

On the Battlefield "We shall conquer," exclaimed the general to his troops. "Our hearts are in the fight." "But," queried the troops, "are we in it?"

A Literary Color Scheme Most poets are blue because they are not read.

There's No Accounting for Taste "Dies in a policeman's arms."—Newspaper headline.

The Deduction "What foolish things a fellow will do when he's in love." "Oh, Margy, has he proposed?"

From Solomon Jr. It doesn't pay to be too forward, especially in a head-on collision.

The Countersign "Now mind, Mary, if a sentry asks you who you are, you must immediately answer, 'Friend.'"

Applied Arithmetic "Puzzled Diner—What have you got for dinner?" "Water—Roastbeef—Casseroled chicken—Stewed lamb—Baked potatoes—A jam pudding—Milkshake—Omelette—T-Bits."

One Word, Please Where'er I go there haunts me A word of strangest sound; It mocks at me and taunts me As I chase me around. When I am getting sleepy, About the morning bell, The zephyrs sing to me, "P-R-Z-M-S-Y-L-I." In early dawn, Across the lawn, The crickets shrilly swell That P-P-P And Z-Z-Z And R-M-Y-S-L-I.

When spurs of trooper rowel Their horses in attack, The town without a vowel Gets up and slams 'em back. When other hamlets skimp, Such consorts repeat, I dearly love to hymn P-R-Z-M-S-Y-L-I. In sound it is The bullets' whiz Where serfs at last rebel This P-P-P And Z-Z-Z And R-M-Y-S-L-I.

Ab, me! the music verbal That lies within the word: It consonates without a vowel Beats anything I've heard. When guests are getting gony You ring old boredom's knell By bidding them, "now, say P-R-Z-M-S-Y-L-I." It brings the buzz Of bees, it does— The droning of a shell— This P-P-P And Z-Z-Z And R-M-Y-S-L-I.—John O'Keefe in New York World.

Horse of a French Color The Groom—Well, Bill, you won't see the sun 'nor horse any more; they've taken him for the army. The Gardener—Oh! I suppose now he's going to be what the French call a "horse de combat."—London Opinion.

An Alternative Mr. Newlywed—Did you see the button on my coat, darling? Mrs. Newlywed—No, love, I couldn't find the button, and so I just sewed up the buttonhole.—Judge.

The Lesser Evil Mr. Borem—Shall we talk or dance? Miss Weerigh—I'm very tired. Let us dance.—Boston Transcript.

A Culinary Sherlock Holmes "Waiter, give me the menu." "We have none, but I can tell you what we have." "You must have a jolly good memory." "It's all, simply look at the tablecloth."—Pele Mele.

Tales of Three Cities There was a young man in N. Y. Who never would eat with a F.Y. Said he, "All my life I have eat with a wife Roast beef, veal and mutton and P.Y."

A fisherman from Terre Haute Once bragged of a fish he had caught; But the fisherman's dauter Knew more than she auter, And cried, "It was one that you baute!"

There was a young fellow in Butte Who went on a butteful tute. Next morning in bed He got up on his head And murmured: "Ohwydidididute!" New York World.

Hampered Ambition Ray—As long as there was another boarder at the farmhouse you had somebody to talk to. Fay—But as there were only the two of us there was nobody to talk about.—Judge.

THE SWIMMER AT ELSINORE (SUNRISE) Above the Swedish shore a bar of gold Shows in the gray—the colored torches light Among the clouds—rose, azure, chrysolite Flame, glow and flicker in the young house-hold.

Obsidian-tinted waves me swift enfold With glittering sprays of pearls; to where the night Has left a biting coldness I take flight, This warns my blood and makes my heart more bold!

Am I in sky, in water, or in air? For all seems one—I glide through lucent green. The rough turquoise blue, through changing hues of red—Vermilion, scarlet, wild rose, and the glare Of ruby fire; on golden stars I lean, These waves—these tangled rainbows in an emerald band.—Maurice Francis Egan in Scribner's.

THE IDEALIST What is the most powerful phrase in the English language? I put the question to a gathering of folks whose presence there indicated their familiarity with the literature of history. Of course, the phrases that have thundered down the years predominate. "Give me liberty or give me death!" "Don't give up the ship!" Lincoln's ennobling "All that I am I owe to my mother"—the offering seemed interminable. I lay down. "Up rose a modest-looking young woman, 'Friends,' she said, 'are we not up too far among the mountain tops? These suggestions are real thrillers, I confess, and I certainly shall not attempt to detract from their magnificent grandeur. But give me a phrase that makes me happy each day. Don't put the right conception of 'powerful'?" We admitted it was. Then she explained: "I am employed in an office where the former boss was a veritable grouch. And, of course, his grouch was contagious. Every body seemed scared; afraid to move out of a circumlocution path. Naturally, enthusiasm and initiative both lay dormant. That the highest efficiency was not secured from the employees was attested when this man was relieved of the office's management by the company's president. He was replaced by a new man. The first morning

Friesland fishermen, driven out of their course by adverse winds. In 1497 Cabot set sail to the mystic continent and discovered Newfoundland. Milton, in "Paradise Lost," refers to this land: "The snow from cold Estotiland."

The term "Galway jury" originated in Ireland in 1835, during state trials held to decide the rights of the English crown to Mayo, Mayo, Leitrim, Roscommon and Galway. The four first named decided in favor of the king, with Galway opposing. In consequence the Sheriff of Galway was fined \$5000 and each of the jurors \$20,000.

The exclamation, "God save the mark," originated in an Irish superstition. If a person, on telling of an injury sustained by someone else, touched the corresponding spot on his own person, he was able to avert similar injury by exclaiming "God save the mark."

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN you come to think of it, it is rather remarkable that we have had our old friends the minstrels with us for more than 60 years. They have weathered every innovation in theatricals; the decline and fall of the stock ventures; the advent of the traveling companies, comic opera, vaudeville and now even moving pictures. And they are going on, but not telling the same old jokes, night after night.

All my efforts to run down to its dark origin the libel that minstrel jokes are venerable resulted in failure. Some of the best jokes I recall were first passed over the footlights by a minstrel company. Only after they became public property did they find their way into periodicals.

HAVING become a venerable institution many years ago, there naturally arose a dispute as to the place where negro minstrelsy had its birth. Probably not so many cities as claimed Homer for their own contented, but certainly Philadelphia and New York had their advocates.

I am willing to admit a prejudice in favor of this city, and as no other place on the globe ever supported minstrelsy for so long a time we seem to have something of a proprietary right in this form of entertainment. The beginning was very modest. Before the word had been heard in connection with such an entertainment there were black-faced acts on the American stage. One of the first big hits was made by Thomas B. Rice in his "Jim Crow," which has got into the vocabulary of the language. No one could call that nondescript act minstrelsy as we have known it, yet it had its influence.

THEN came black-faced banjo acts, such as Billy Whitlock used to do; others similar to George Washington Dixon's "Zip Coon," and still minstrelsy did not appear on the scene. All of these acts were familiar to Philadelphia theatre-goers in the 30s and early 40s. Dixon resided here for a time, and during the epidemic of cholera in 1832 published a weekly "Cholera Gazette." He sang "Zip Coon" at the Tivoli Garden, on Market street west of Thirteenth, and every boy in the city was whistling the refrain.

Billy Whitlock in his autobiography gives a version of his connection with the organization of the minstrel show. During the winter of 1840 he and his partner, Master John Diamond, whose real name was Frank Lynch, were playing at the Walnut Street Theatre, and when the night for their benefit approached Whitlock conceived the idea of introducing a novelty.

Whitlock asked Dick Myers, a violinist, if he would play the violin with them and form a trio on their benefit, and Myers agreed. So, on that occasion, for the first time in public, Whitlock said, banjoists were accompanied on the stage by a violinist. And even that does not look like a minstrel show, does it? Yet it was from this germ that the big, sable semicircle which we recall with pleasure grew into the minstrel.

IN its early form minstrelsy was essentially musical. The first band of minstrels that traveled around the country had Master Ole Bull as one of its members. There were Virginia Serenaders and New Orleans Serenaders, and while all the acts were done in blackface, they were of a musical character. They gave some clever travesties on the Italian opera, which was then attracting the attention of the musically inclined, and from all accounts these burlesques were not only bright and witty, but were admirably set, so far as musical numbers went.

One of the first minstrel troupes which performed in this city was the New Orleans Serenaders. They were here in 1849, and probably earlier, and they gave a performance in old Musical Fund Hall. In the company was Nelson Kneass, a song writer and musical composer, whose songs were sung all over the country at the time. There may still be persons who recall the strains of "I Hear the Hoops," "Go Way Black Man," "Road Clear" and "Nelly Was a Lady." I feel confident that the last named at least will be remembered, for it was sung in the days of "Carncross" Minstrels, in the Little Eleventh Street Opera House.

THERE were also in the company Max Zorer, George Swaine, Thomas Burke, Master Ole Bull, J. H. Collins, Sam Sanford and J. C. Rainer. Sanford, whose real name was Lindsay, took his stage name from another performer, Jim Sanford. His uncle, William Lindsay, also was in the business. Sanford may be said to have been responsible for the vogue negro minstrelsy has had in Philadelphia. He opened Sanford's Opera House, at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, in 1853. When the place was burned he took the old church building on Eleventh street, which had already been transformed into a playhouse by Carter. This was the beginning of the history of the Eleventh Street Opera House, where minstrelsy was preserved for more than half a century.

IN SANFORD'S company at the time was Julien, as he appeared on the bills, but the singer subsequently revealed himself as Ira D. Sankey when he engaged in evangelistic work with Dwight L. Moody.

The last time I saw Sam Sanford was almost 20 years ago, when he danced Bob Riddle at the Walnut Street Theatre with Primrose and West's Minstrels. He was then a very old man, but very nimble on his feet. GRANVILLE.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

From the Ohio State Journal. It takes a man a long time to get back into the swing of his regular work after a vacation, but a woman without a moment's delay resumes the charge on the red ants in the refrigerator with all the zeal and verve with which she left off.

ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—"Done in Philadelphia" promises to be an interesting feature of the EVENING LEDGER, but many of your readers, I believe, would like to see some review in local letters toward the history than the Bradford article did a few days ago. A better view of Franklin can be had than the following extract gives by reading Franklin's story of the occurrence mentioned.

How Franklin managed to get this office and how he turned the tables on Bradford by being the postboy to neglect Bradford's serenity of mind, are two of his greatest characteristics of the great philosopher, who was not all philanthropist where business was concerned.

Franklin says that Samuel Koeber and David Barry had both failed, and left the city, and "there remained now only one location in Philadelphia but the old Bradford, but he was rich and easy, did a little business by straggling hands, but was not anxious about it. However, as he held the postoffice, it was imagined he had better opportunities for obtaining the news, his papers were thought a better distributor of advertising than any other in the city, and which was profitable to him and a disadvantage to me. For though I did indeed receive and send papers by the post, yet the public would not have been so ready to send papers by bribing the riders, who took them privately, Bradford being unkind enough to forbid it, which occasioned some resentment on my part, and I thought so meanly of the practice that when I afterwards came into his position I took care never to repeat it."

As to another point: Wallace's History of the Bradford Family shows the location of A. Bradford's office. SAMUEL W. HOSKINS. Philadelphia, September 23, 1914.

ADMIRATION FOR THE GERMAN PEOPLE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—As American opinion is turning toward the present European war are not going to try to judge the German people. They are going to render their judgment, and are doing so now, on the question of Prussian militarism. That was the great fact behind all this. Nowhere in this country is there very much hostility to the German people. We have a great admiration for them, and for any people in the world. We admire and are greatly indebted to their achievements in all the arts of peace. American public opinion has no antipathy toward them, only criticism of the feeling of the Government that are held by the ruling class, and any attempt to state the matter otherwise, such as some writers have lately made, is a rank injustice to the people of this country. K. VARNUM. Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1914.

IN REFERENCE TO "PORK"

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—You state in your editorial that Senator Penrose votes for "pork." It is easy enough to criticize men in public life, but when a man has to go before the people and get their vote he would be a fool if he did not try to earn their favor. Popular government means having popular candidates. JUSTICE. Philadelphia, September 23, 1914.

THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Last winter Philadelphia had the snow off the streets days before New York was able to clear her highways. But why is it that Philadelphia can never get the dirt off her streets? There are thousands of citizens who would be glad to have you answer this question. IZZABAND. Philadelphia, September 23, 1914.

FOLLOW VIRGINIA'S EXAMPLE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Virginia has gone dry. I think it would be a fine thing for Pennsylvania to do likewise. Local option may be all right, but it is a well-known fact that gang politics and liquor always go together. PROHIBITIONIST. Camden, September 23, 1914.

THINKS PENROSE A WEAK GIANT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—You are quite right, in the minority Senator Penrose is about as weak a representative of the interests of this State as could be reasonably expected. This war he wanted to fight, but would have done so because Penroseism keeps its followers at home to vote. GOOD GOVERNMENT. September 23, 1914.

A VICTORY FOR SCIENCE

From the Savannah News. What modern medical science can accomplish is shown by the evident fact that the battle against the bubonic plague at New Orleans has been won. Fifty years ago the outbreak of the plague there would have caused even more widespread and intense uneasiness than did its appearance here. In the days of the past it would have been very lengthy. Reports from New Orleans now are that there is not a single case of bubonic plague under treatment in the city. That does not mean that other cases will not appear, but it is evidence that the medical authorities know how to stamp out the plague and that this country need never fear the bubonic plague again. It is a victory for science, killing hundreds and causing terror everywhere. The victory of the medicine man has been accomplished without the loss of a human life, but it is just as worthy of praise. NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW.

The country is heavily indebted to Senator Burton and his allies for a great victory won in its behalf.—Indianapolis News. If the prohibition movement should gain headway in this section, it will be directed as always against the brewery-financed class in politics as against the leverages which it displaced.—New York World. President Wilson does well to insist upon a truce between the Colorado mine operators and their striking laborers. The mine operators have been allowed to expect that they will have to show stronger objection to the public to sympathize with them in their refusal of its terms.—New York Tribune. Ferocity may beget ferocity. Is there to be reprisal for Rheims with shot and shell and torch if the Allies reach Germany, as it is so unlikely that they will not? The opponents of Germany say that they must fight with their enemy's weapons if they are to win, with their terrible example to follow.—New York Times. Discussion of the pending rivers and harbors bill throws light on the current ideas of "good government by commissions of experts." We have that, no matter how many "experts" we have, and the sturdy common sense of the plain citizen.—Chicago Herald.